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High School course is, in some measure, due to the fact that we in this country had grown away from war—it had become too remote and was too little concerned with daily life. In fact, some of us had begun to think that war between civilized nations was a thing of the past. Classical students have not been slow to draw comparisons between Caesar's campaigns and the present war (see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 8.42-43, 69-70).

Our constant problem as teachers is to span the gap of two thousand years between us and the Romans. In the *Aeneid* we can do this chiefly by the universality of appeal of the Vergilian love-story. In Cicero our main reliance just now is the similarity between Roman and American politics. For Caesar we have the present war. The Meuse is the Mosa, and the Vosges mountains are Mons Vosegus (B. G. 4.10). Soissons is named after the Suessiones and is their town of Noviodunum (B. G. 2.12), while Rheims is named after the Remi (B. G. 3.3, etc.) and is the ancient Durocortorum. The romantic poet complains of the man who sees nothing in the yellow primrose but a primrose. The man with a historical imagination (a form of romanticism) catches glimpses, in these names of town, river and mountain, of the history of two thousand years. Namur, at the juncture of the Sambre (Sabis) and the Meuse, is probably the site of the Oppidum Aduatucorum (B. G. 2.29). The modern Belgians were confident that their fortifications at Liège, Namur and Antwerp were invincible, but, to the amazement of all, the long-range guns of the Germans quickly showed the weakness of those mighty fortresses. The ancient Aduatuci were certain that their stronghold could not be taken and laughed at the Romans when they saw them setting up their engines of war (B. G. 2.30). But, when they saw a huge tower coming toward them, their laughter turned to dismay, and it was not long before the town was in Caesar's hands. In the last few months the Germans have taught us the same lesson that Caesar taught the world two thousand years ago—that fortresses must yield before efficient military methods. The next great fortress on the Sambre is Maubeuge; only a few miles from its site, on the banks of the river, Caesar defeated the Nervii (B. G. 2.16 ff.). The battles on the Aisne that we read of in the newspapers remind us of Caesar's battle on that river, the ancient Axona (B. G. 2.5 ff.), near Berry-au-Bac, so often mentioned in the newspapers. It was in Alsace that Caesar fought Ariovistus.

Is it rash to say that Caesar's phrase *horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae*, so often quoted of late, has been a stimulus to Latin study? The enterprising teacher has no doubt made the most of it. It is a pleasure for us school-teachers, hammering and grinding away at that raw product which we euphemistically and optimistically call a student, to fancy that a few boys and girls at least will remember all their lives the thrill of pleasure and surprise which they felt when they saw before their eyes in the newspaper the very Latin words which they had just stumbled over in the Caesar class. B. L. U.

VERGIL AND THE COUNTRY PASTOR¹

Ignarosque viae mecum miseratus agrestis.

'They do not know the way, our country folk; have thou, with me, compassion on them'. Vergil invoked a blessing from the ruler of his people, but he himself had in his own heart an inspiration which the emperor could not have given him. His purpose was to teach tillage of the ground with a view to luxuriant crops, times of work and signs of weather, culture of trees and of the vine, care of animals, and tending of bees. But he taught these practical things from the point of view of a poet, and hence came the value of his compassion; for if farmers are to be satisfied, and to win a real human success out of their life, they must know it as a poet knows it. There is nothing more real than the life which a poet can see. If a country pastor learns how Vergil looked at the Italian farmer's practical life, he may find an inspiration which will help the words he speaks to American country people.

For the *Georgics* of Vergil are like a great symphony in four movements, the themes being certain great thoughts, of which the first is Labour. 'In the new springtime, when the snow on the white hills runs off in moisture, and at the west wind's breath the clods crumble and loosen, then thrust in the plough, and let the ox pant and sigh in the furrow, and the ploughshare wear and shine'. The directions for work which follow have a rhythm which makes sweet company for a learner, like the gleam of the ploughshare in the furrow, and which leaves a bright memory, like the thought of the white hills. The farmer has near him a brook flowing from those once snow-clad hills, and he saves the water. Then later in the season, 'when the burned land is hot, and the grain blades are dying, see, from the brow of the slope where the brook has its way, he draws out the water', to refresh his lands.

*Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.*

'And as it falls over the smooth stones it makes a hoarse, murmuring sound, and bubbles on, and cools the withering fields'. One can see the Vergilian farmer pause one moment, to see that all goes well with the irrigating stream; and as he pauses, his eyes and ears take in the beauty of the life-giving water.

And yet there is constant danger of failure in the farmer's life. The old days, of which Greeks and Italians dreamed, when earth bore freely food enough for men who could be content with acorns and the lazy forest wealth, the golden age, passed away when Jupiter became king of the earth. 'He put the poison in the grim snakes, and ordered that the wolves should prowl for their prey, and the sea should toss'. Honey and fire and wine he hid away from easy finding, with a purpose that men should learn to work with watchful art and intellect. And so failure is near, a constant tendency to degeneration, were it not for Labour, the

¹Reprinted, by permission, from *The Churchman*, of April 18, 1914.

conqueror. The second great musical theme of the Georgics is Failure. The *lacrimae rerum*, of which Vergil spoke in a later poem, 'the sense of tears in mortal things', as Matthew Arnold called it, the Latin <or Celtic?> sense of pity and pathos which Charles Eliot Norton loved to dwell upon, quoting Vergil and Arnold, as the very heart of a whole civilization, this theme is strong in the Georgics. Our modern pastor, with a more hopeful northern joy in work, may learn as he studies the rhythms of the Latin poet to find some gladder music. But he must first face sorrow and work with a sense of beauty and rhythm like that of Vergil.

In no theme is there more need of courage and rhythm than when one feels that 'sense of tears' in the failure of the Commonwealth. We can see how Vergil felt this in his first Book of the Georgics; for, when talking of signs in the sun and the moon and the earth, he passes naturally to the distress of his own nation. The civil wars of the Commonwealth had left their traces in the farm lands; and the poet calls out with a cry of sorrow to the traditional gods of the fatherland, for the need was great:

Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas, tot bella per orbem
tam multae scelerum facies; non ullus aratro
dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis.

'Here right and wrong are all confused; so many wars there are throughout the world, so many forms of crime; there is no worthy honor for the plough, the plough-lands are all in sorrow for the withdrawal of the tillers of the soil'; and so on.

In Vergil there is another theme in the first book, in the first movement of his symphony, and this is the Freshness of Outdoor Life, like a strong breeze blowing through the work and the sorrow. There is a remarkable description of a thunder storm, if you read it in Latin, with a true sense of rhythmical values in the words. And altogether you find a strong sense of the winds of God, of flying birds, of cattle snuffing up the breeze. Perhaps one of the best things is the return of the ravens to their nests and their young, *nescio qua dulcedine laeti*, 'gladdened with some sweet mysterious joy', when the rains are over and gone.

The second movement of Vergil's Farm Symphony is the happiest of all. The second book of the Georgics deals with Trees and the Vine. Trees have something kindly and soothing in them, if they grow not in the wild, tangled forest but on the farm, where man has mastered the world. There they become his friends, speaking peace in times of anxiety and worry, or yielding fruit to gladden his heart. And Vergil, while thinking of the glad growths of many lands, realizes how he loves best his own Italy. This is the next theme of the Georgics, Italy the Happiest Fatherland, the land of grain and wine and of the olive, where spring comes and stays long, and there is summer in months not its own, a land free from lions and tigers and the worst poisonous things, a land blessed by the sea, and near Vergil's home by the great lakes, a land of famous cities,

a mother of men. We may dwell a moment on these Italian cities:

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis,
fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

'So many wondrous cities with all the labour of their works, so many towns gathered (like eagles' nests), by work of men's hands upon the cliffs of the rocks, while rivers glide beneath the ancient walls'. These cities are a part of nature, and yet they are homes of human victory over nature, homes of art and of a life worth living. Vergil knows, indeed, the danger of the city, and describes it later in this book in contrast to the country life.

Ferrea iura, says he, *insanum forum, aulas et limina regum, hunc plausus hiantem corripuit*: 'iron laws', 'the frenzied business exchange', 'the courts and doorways of the money-kings', 'applause that seizes on the heart of the wide-mouthed fool'.

Gaudet perfusi sanguine fratrum,
exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,
atque alio patriam quaerunt sub sole iacentem.

'They find a joy in the very stain of their brother's blood, they give up the sweet gateways of their homes for exile, they seek a fatherland under an alien sun'. And yet there is a sense in which the city is the very perfection of man's life; and we must build cities which shall be a part of nature while ruling it, which shall bless men with art and religion, while keeping near the country and the trees and vines. One striking thought in this Tree movement of the symphony is Vergil's thought of Spring, the time of God's presence on earth, the divine reminder of a primeval golden age, as we might say, "a touch of Eden, and a promise of Paradise". The whole book ends with a heart-free praise of the farmer's life, as it might be if he should know his own good, in the land of long springtime, in the life of the golden age.

Then Vergil goes on with the third movement of his musical poem, and the music describes animal life. No one has any right to claim that he is a poet of country life who does not care for animals. The animal *motif* must be part of the musician's equipment, and one might find in Handel's Creation suggestions which could be worked out in a modern way. So the country pastor, if he is to be a leader and inspirer of country folk, must love animals as Vergil did. It is worth while to notice how the poet dwells on the characters of a noble horse, or a fine cow, in his rhythms. Especially interesting to me is the description of a spirited young horse, such as you would make a point of selecting. Here is one bit of it:

Primus et ire viam et fluvios temptare minaces
audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti;
nec vanos horret strepitus.

'He is a leader out on the high road, the first to venture the trial of a threatening river or to trust himself to an unknown bridge; he does not start at any idle

noise'. The picture of eager racing horses on the track would appeal to some, but we will let that pass. Then, again, there are the mares at pasture:

saltibus in vacuis pascunt et plena secundum
flumina, muscus ubi et viridissima gramine ripa,
speluncaeque tegant, et saxea procubet umbra.

'They feed in the lonely hill pastures and along the full-flowing streams, where the moss is, where the grass on the river bank is greenest, where there are caverns for the sheltered pools, and the shadow of the rock rests on the water'. In another passage there is a description of two bulls in battle, and the wanderings of the beaten bull through rough, lonely lands. The pasturing of sheep is described with great sympathy, first in the morning time,

dum gramina canent,
et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,
'when the grasses are glistening, and the dew on the tender blade is most welcome to the flock'; and so on, at different times and seasons. Moreover, all this Italian pasturing is contrasted with the life of shepherds in hot Africa, or the cold North. There is one picture, by the way, of catching deer in the deep snow of the Northland, which I thought was a traveller's tale, until a trustworthy guide in Northern Maine told me details essentially the same.

One can see how, in this Animal Movement of the symphonic poem, Vergil combines the animal themes with those of the fresh green vegetation, given in the second book. And, indeed, the thoughts of refreshment and peace, which come from the pastures and rivers, and the general Freshness of Outdoor Life, are most necessary in this connection; for Vergil realizes sympathetically, as every lover of animals does, how brief is their life, and how open to pain as well as to pleasure:

optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
et labor; et durae rapit inclementia mortis.

'Ever the best day of life for unhappy dying creatures is the first fleeting one; soon come diseases, and sorrowful old age, and toil, and the merciless quick grasp of hard death'. Thus the theme of Failure comes again into the poem, along with Animal Life; and in close connection with Failure comes the theme of Love. All animals, including human creatures, feel it:

In furias ignemque ruunt; amor omnibus idem.

'Into frenzy and fire they rush; love is the same for them all'. The sorrow, the fierceness, the mad power of love, are especially dwelt upon. In Vergil's mind it seems to belong with Toil and Failure, rather than with joy. Other dangers also are dwelt upon. There is the *motif* of the Serpent, especially the deadly snake of water pools and rivers, who, in time of drought and heat, comes out with flaming eyes and darting tongue, a danger to every living creature in the pasture lands, as he rolls his coils along, a very personification of evil. And after him Vergil mentions disease, and finally the

Pestilence, so that the animal book ends with the thoughts of Failure and Death. We need not bathe ourselves so fully as he does in the sorrow of animals, but we do need to enter into some feeling of sympathy for our fellow-workers in the animal world, whose loves, and sorrows, and need of refreshing rivers and glad pastures are not alien to our own life. Notice Vergil's brief elegy on the faithful ox, who has fallen sick and died in the pestilence: 'No more can any touch of nature stir his heart—the shadows of the high woodland, the soft meadows, the brook, clearer than amber, rolling over the rocks on its way to the field. His loins are utterly relaxed, a weary lethargy weighs down his eyes, his neck with its heavy burden sinks to earth. What blessing has he from his labour and his deeds of kindness, for turning with the ploughshare the heavy earth of the farm-lands?' And so on. We may remember, as we read, that the oxen are like their master, strong, patient, with deep powers of natural joy, doing much unrewarded labour.

Let us see now what in these three movements of our farmers' poem (as we pause before the last, the fourth) our great themes have been. Labour, Failure, the Freshness of Outdoor Life, the Blessing of Trees and the Vine, the Commonwealth, Italy the Happy Fatherland, the presence of Heaven on Earth in Springtime, Animal Life, with its beauty, love and sorrow; these have made our music. The fourth movement of the symphony combines all these themes in a harmony hard to describe. Nominally, it is a book about bees, and the care of bees, whose honey was more important for the ancient world than it is for us; but the essence of this work of the bees, providing as they do sweetness for human life, is that they are a Commonwealth on Wings. The bees labour, but they work gladly, flying through the bright air of Italy, labouring out of doors, amidst the fresh fragrance of flowers. They are a form of animal life, but are much more glad and free than the cattle of the farms, or the horses of the race-course and the cavalry battle. They have a love of flowers, and of the glorious work of making the sweet honey; and they have an intense love of their queen, or, as Vergil calls her, their king. Fault may easily be found with the poet's entomology, in several ways, but this is not the point. Rather we should grasp the suggestion which he has given us of a Commonwealth on Wings. Our own country is, just now, alive to the needs of the farmer. Our government and our people are bestirring themselves. We are trying to solve problems of marketing farm produce, of developing rural household industries, of rural sport and recreation, rural sanitation and so on. But country life needs also a poet-prophet, who will show us how to work on the wing. A commonwealth the rural folk must be, with thorough organization, working in an earth where God's presence is felt, where there is a divine fragrance in the flowers and fruit, a divine blessing in the bright air. As Vergil loved Italy, so our country pastor must love America, its wide spaces and free air, its bright mountains and

great rivers, its flowers and birds, its rocks and sea-shores, its great lakes like the sea, as Vergil says of Garda, the lake near his home:

Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino—

'Thee, Benacus, lifting thyself with waves and roar, like the very sea'. Christianity began, as Secretary Seward once said, on the shores of a lake, the Sea of Tiberias, and Christian civilization has centered round great seas, first the Mediterranean, and now the Atlantic, as it will round the Pacific Sea.

Out of doors then we must build our Commonwealth; the city must be made a part of the country and in fresh relation to it; the city folk and the country folk must be one community. To this end the country pastors must find a way; they must organize themselves to hasten the coming of a prophet greater than they, and to prepare the way before him; they must proclaim in a modern and Christian way Vergil's message:

*deum namque ire per omnis
terrasque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum.*

'God doth go on his way through all the lands, through the stretches of the sea, through the deep sky'. And again:

*nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere caelo.*

'There is no place for death, but <all creatures returning when set free> fly alive to the rhythm and number of a star, and come to the depths and heights of Heaven'.

And yet, even Vergil's community of bees, with its lessons of immortality, with its joyous labour, its love of work and queen, and fragrant honey, was open, it would seem, to disease, failure and death. And the poet, while suggesting a way to bring new bees to life, launches out into a fable of great spirit and beauty, into a narrative <poets of our day and pastors must learn the power of narrative>, telling how Aristaeus lost his bees, and appealed to his mother's love—for his mother was divine—and learned from her to capture and question the sea god Proteus, as our poets must learn how to capture and question Nature and the Divine power hidden in nature, to learn the secret of our failure. I cannot, in this brief time and space, give any idea of the spirit and vigor of this narrative, or of the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is bound up with it. But we find in the Orpheus story a wonderful account of human Love and Music. The lover, the great musician, penetrated even to the land of the dead, the realm of the King of Terrors. Then in a brief re-possession of his wife (a half possession which might have turned to reality), the very intensity of his eagerness caused his loss, and left the lover in sorrow. In this utter hopeless sorrow, for seven whole months, by the great lonely river of Thrace, and in the shadow of a great rock, and under the cold stars, he thought it all out in music, and by his song went to the heart of fierce animals and rooted trees, subduing them. No other love, except this lost love, had any power with him, and his end was a violent death at the hands of human beings in the wild orgies

of a wild religion. They alone failed to feel the power of his song. Yet we feel that somehow the intensity of his human love and loss had opened to him the secret of all Nature, and was sure to bring him to divine success at last. Our country pastor cannot teach his people to find perfect happiness, even in the loveliest country life, or in the most perfect organization. 'This is not your rest,' he will say; 'but, if you learn the secret of true human love and sacrifice, you will find that life is stronger than death, even as Vergil felt it was'.

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REVIEWS

Euripides and his Age. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Henry Holt and Company (1913). Home University Library, 73. Pp. vi + 256. 50 cents.

Students of the Classics and all interested in the best literature will welcome this delightful volume by the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. The book amply deserves a place in the Home University Library in that it treats of a subject "of living and permanent interest", in keeping with the aim of the series.

Greek literature is a comfort and joy to Professor Murray. In the preface to his admirable book, *Ancient Greek Literature*, published in 1897, we find in the following passage one of his reasons for writing that work:

Such knowledge of Greek Literature as I possess has been of enormous value and interest to me; for the last ten years at least, hardly a day has passed on which Greek poetry has not occupied a large part of my thoughts, hardly one deep or valuable emotion has come into my life which has not been either caused or interpreted, or bettered by Greek poetry.

In that book the author's sympathy seems to be drawn towards Euripides rather than to Aeschylus or Sophocles. Is this not due to a certain kinship of mind and similarity in the outlook on life of the two men?

By his scholarly text-edition of the complete works of Euripides, but far more by his charming poetical versions of a number of the plays, some of which have been most successfully presented on the stage, Professor Murray has now for some time fixed the attention of the public upon this fascinating and many-sided thinker and poet, whose plays have been the subject of such controversy both in antiquity and in modern times. In this volume, the author presents to us in vivid and forcible style a learned yet most readable summary of the life and work of this brilliant and enigmatical poet. We have in the introductory chapter a lucid statement of various important estimates of Euripides, old and new, and an explanation of his later popularity as being the exponent of "the recognized literary language of the east of Europe and the great instrument and symbol of civilization" (11). His very clarity of style and thought is, according to Professor Murray, opposed to the more indirect and introspective utterance of modern poetry and is the great obstacle between him and us.